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finely moulded and carved, and is covered by a very elegant and rich canopy. The chancel, we believe, is to be lined with a row of canopies running around it, which will greatly improve its present somewhat naked appearance. The stall-ends and chancel rail are quaint in design. The altar is of Caen stone, and is the gem of the church. It consists simply of an arcade of seven bays on each side, and three on each end; surrounding a central die, and supporting a shelf with moulded edges. The capitals of the shafts are exquisite, being very delicately undercut. The arches are cusped and moulded, and the spandrels filled with beautiful arabesques. The altar will bear a little colouring, but it must be very carefully applied to avoid injuring its present nobleness of form.

The gas fixtures in the nave are to be standards, bearing nine lights each. They are adapted, we think, with improvements, from a design by Pugin, and will be very elegant. The chancel will be lighted by lofty standards, bearing twenty-five or thirty lights each, placed behind the jambs of the chancel arch, so as to be invisible to the greater part of the congregation.

We have been thus minute in detailing the features of Trinity Chapel, because we deem it worthy of being carefully studied. The leaf work in particular is deserving of notice, being much superior in spirit and freedom to what we generally meet with.

We would suggest that the building now needs, to make it complete, that the interior walls be diapered, or otherwise decorated in color, and the coloring of the roof retouched, and made more in accordance with the spirit of Early English. The panel in the tympanum of the front door needs sculpture, and the niches of the arcade in south wall, should be filled with statues. We hope to live to see these things accomplished.

LEUTZE'S WASHINGTON AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

WHEN an artist paints an historical picture, we suppose naturally that he selects such a subject as is, to his mind, most fraught with the dignity and worth of History. If he aspire to illustrate the past, it is to be expected that he will give his time and labor to such a subject as he considers one of the "beacon moments" of that past. We have a right to demand of him that he shall at least give *so much thought* to the subject of the picture, and, failing in this, we are justified in considering him only a picture-maker—a *genre* painter at most.

Let us judge the artist not as a mere imitator of externalities, but as a philosopher, a poet, or a creator, as he should in reality be, and if from his own feeling he rise not to that dignity, he will at least do better from being judged by a high standard. There is no dishonor in being measured by the noblest mark, nor in failing to reach it; but rather in not aspiring to the highest that we are capable of reaching by honest, manly effort.

Mr. Leutze has made some bold strokes for the distinction of historical painter, his boldest being the picture recently sent out from Dusseldorf,—an ambitious effort. He has chosen for illustration a passage in the

life of the great American hero, wisely, so far, since all will admit that we cannot be induced to too strong love of him. As to the choice of that passage, however, we have, we think, a little justifiable cavil to offer. The artist has preferred the only case in which Washington was ever known to be in a passion; and this strikes us all the more singularly from the characteristic equanimity of the man being one of his most admirable qualities. What kind of perception of his character Leutze had, we may reasonably infer, then, from the subject of his picture, of which the prominent object is the general galloping into the centre in a most undignified, even unsoldierly temper.

Now we insist that an incident like this is not in the slightest degree heroic, and not calculated by its commemoration to elevate the character of its hero in the minds of his countrymen; it is therefore not a subject which ought to be chosen for a picture. If there was any philosophy in the artist's mind which indicated the contrary, we would much like to know it. We will leave an opening for its demonstration, if thereby the artist can justify his ambition to be considered an historian. It cannot be said that we are too exacting in asking so much thought from an artist, since artists universally demand a place among poets and thinkers, and insist on their essential equality with them.

If, on the other hand, Leutze is willing to give up all pretension to any other consideration than that of a mere painter, we will come down and judge him there. There is one essential fault, again, which meets us at the threshold—the people are not Americans. There are fine studies of individual heads, but they are strikingly German,—as unlike what we should expect a Revolutionary militia to be as could well be. Then see with what excellent regard to the laws of composition, if not to those of war, they huddle in, for all the world like the well-trained supernumeraries of the stage! How gracefully they sweep up into a half circle, of which Washington occupies the centre! Of the rush and confusion of a routed army there is nothing—of the excitement of the battle, or the fear of the pursuers, nothing; no more feeling or passion of any kind than would be shown by a group of boys retreating from the sudden spring of a chained dog. We look in vain for any noble ardor or grand passion—the retreat is the huddle of stupid peasants, not the uncontrollable panic of American men—that panic which will draw the bravest with it in spite of themselves. It is on a par with the anger of their general.

If men must paint war, let them at least think of its noble phases,—of its heroism, its self-sacrifices and fortitude under physical suffering,—something of moral significance which shall redeem its blood-thirstiness. There is nothing of this in Leutze's picture. There are some wounded and dying men, who give us only the ghastliness of death; some men running, evidently because they are afraid of some other men. Some have been hurt, but you might well imagine they had been hurt in a riot. It is altogether rather a theatrical kind of a business—a got-up affair.

Then, even in the lower grades of merit, there cannot *much* be said for the picture. There are some well-drawn figures, but a

Dusseldorf student ought at least to draw well, and the figures have not all that merit. It seems incomprehensible that Leutze could have drawn a figure like the nearest left-hand one. He can draw well if he will, and therefore deserves the severer reprobation when he does not, since it is evidently because he does not care to.

The Washington is a short, squat, undignified figure, very unsteady in the saddle, and the horse a badly drawn horse. The color is good and bad in passages, but as a whole not harmonious.

If Leutze had never painted good pictures, we might think it unkind to insist on the faults of this; but when some of his earlier and smaller pictures are so good in drawing and color, it proves either that he is deteriorating, or that he has undertaken a subject he is not capable of handling. There is some fine painting of draperies, &c., and some very expressive figures, particularly the officer at the left, who tries to stop his soldiers by digging his heels into the turf, and bracing himself against their rush. We cannot, however, with all the charity possible on the occasion, consider the picture any addition to our Art treasures, or an honor to Mr. Leutze.

REMINISCENCES.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—You ask for some recollections from the past experience of my long life. Now, as your new CRAYON is a beginning in young hands, although intended also for older ones, it seems quite *appropriate* that I should say something concerning the early condition, in our country, of the Art you mean to illustrate.

It has often happened that the parents of young persons who were desirous of becoming artists, have brought them to me with the most select specimens of their abilities, requesting me to decide whether they possessed the requisite qualifications. The drawings, such as they produced, so common among amateur designers, seldom required much examination; and, in answer to the question of the prudent parent, whether the young draftsman should be encouraged to adopt the profession, I have generally replied, "No—rather throw obstacles in his way: if he can surmount them, he may succeed; for none should become artists but those that cannot help it—this is the test of genius." On one occasion I was much importuned to take the young genius under my charge, the mother assuring me he could be of great service in painting my back-grounds, "as he could absolutely take off the whole broadside of a town, and could draw anything out of his own head!" I have recommended these young geniuses not to draw any thing out of their own heads, until they should learn to draw everything before their eyes, with accuracy and facility if they were determined to learn; and I have willingly directed them how to proceed. On other occasions the young aspirant has eagerly glanced at the portraits around my room, and confidently asked me how long it took me to paint them, and how much I got for them. These I have dismissed, with the advice never to study Painting as the means of making money, but to choose some other trade.

The first collection of Paintings sent to this country, was consigned to a distin-

guished merchant, John Swanwick, who placed them in the charge of my father, who had just built a Gallery, the first in America, for the display of Paintings. These pictures occupied two walls of the room, and consisted of a great variety of subjects, such as are usual in Italy for altar pieces. As soon as I was released from school, I rushed to the Gallery, devouring with my whole and earnest attention, the wonders of the Beautiful Art, without a guide except the silent practice of my father in ordinary Portrait Painting. I had then never heard or read of Venetian coloring, but a group of females, by a Venetian painter, was spontaneously my daily admiration and wonder, even before I had touched a brush, as it has since been my ambition to emulate. The very smell of the room, from the quantity of mastic varnish, associated as it was with these pictures, was an enjoyment beyond the perfume of flowers; and I was vexed to feel hungry, and be called away to my dinner—indeed, at a later period, when engrossed in the study of Painting, I grieved that I could not live without eating, and the loss of so much precious daylight: it is not surprising, therefore, that I objected to teach an urchin who loved eating more than his pencil. The students of Art at Rome breakfast at eight in the morning, and dine at eight in the evening.

At this time (1786) we had no such thing as an artist's color shop. What colors could be had were found at the apothecary's, unless expressly sent for to London; nor was there a gilder of frames in Philadelphia, then the capital of the States, until 1793, when my father kept a poor Frenchman from starving, by giving him employment, and afterwards recommending him to Mr. Stuart. No gold-beaters found employment here, and others, besides Quakers, were content with mahogany frames to their little looking-glasses: no such thing as a print-shop was to be found, and it was seldom that a decent engraving could be seen in the window of a bookstore. A collection of magnificent engravings was sent over by *Boydell* to the charge of Mr. Pine, an English Portrait and Historical Painter, who was known in London as a pupil of Reynolds. Our great banker, Robert Morris, had built him a spacious mansion, with a painting-room, in which Washington sat to him for his portrait, now in the possession of the Brevoort family; and an exhibition-room, in which were displayed his copies of several Paintings, by Reynolds—among them that of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse. It was here that Boydell's English and German prints were exposed to public view, without charge, and visited by the élite of our Quaker city; but not a print was sold, and the whole collection was sent back to London,—anticipating the fate of Pine himself, who was not appreciated as he thought he deserved to be, having left London in disgust, because the Royal Academicians had not elected him their president.

Then I only knew one other young man as a student of painting, Jeremiah Paul, the son of a Quaker schoolmaster; his genius was much admired by many young men of more money than brains, who displayed their taste by inviting him to suppers, where frequent intoxication soon destroyed his talent and his life.

The Swanwick collection of Paintings, at my father's, found no purchasers at private sale, and they were finally sold by auction, and scattered, heaven knows where. Mr. Swanwick bought 130 of them, which he employed me to clean, as well as I knew how, and to varnish—all but one, that was so much cracked, the paint falling off in scales, that I retained it to experiment with, and succeeded in reattaching the scales, but had to repaint the entire neck and other parts. It was a Madonna, and was stolen from me. A New York collector of Oil Paintings visited me, some time after, with three pictures which he found in our neighborhood. I instantly recognized one of them as my Madonna, and told him its history, of which he took no heed. Some years after, he surprised me by showing me the same picture, further repaired, elegantly framed, with a plate glass over it, to protect from injury "the only authentic and uninjured Guido in the country." I did not care to mortify him by renewing my claims, at least to the neck, which he pronounced the most beautiful of Guido's work. Such things are well known to artists, who now rejoice that a better taste prevails, not only in England but America, in the encouragement of living talent, and more authentic Guidos.

I again refer to those times, when only a few miserable sign painters scarcely claimed the title of artists; whereas now, every village can boast of some genius; and excellent native painters are even more numerous than the foreign singers, who, by their melodious noise, bear away from them the prize and the pay. Europe, however, is more just to American talent, both in Painting and Sculpture. When I was painting the portrait of the celebrated DAVID, he asked me, why it was that *all* the best Painters in London were Americans? I replied, "not all." He added, "West, Copley, Trumbull, Allston." I told him that I thought many American artists succeed, because of the difficulties they have to encounter. "How so, when our Napoleon Gallery is to concentrate every facility to artists?" I told him, my opinion was that the American, strongly excited by all that he read of European talent and excellence, exerts every means to reach the European seats of Arts, and having but little time and money to spend, studies with his whole soul, and therefore outstrips his more indolent and luxurious fellow students; and afterwards being visited by literary travellers, they distinguish themselves by lavish expenditures of patriotic praise.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

CIRCUITUR.

PARIS, Dec. 15, 1854.

WINTER, which poets and landscapists have so much stigmatized, has one merit notwithstanding—it makes Paris teem with life and activity. Must we not get up fêtes and create amusements evening after evening for the fashionable and charming society which the late autumn excursions and lingering leisure of the country may have overweared? Thus, when December comes, when belated travellers are again back in the great city, Paris grows feverish, and

everywhere is visible an idle strife to make both noise and money, in order to attract the sight-seeing crowd. The theatres, above all, contend for the notice and good will of the public; and, not to mention here these common exhibitions, to which intelligent and refined people never learn the way, in our review of the efforts recently made by the Paris theatres, we are only to occupy ourselves with those whose success has a bearing upon dramatic art in its choicest forms of expression. None, in this relation, is more deserving of attention than the *Théâtre Italien*. It is well known that M. le Colonel Ragani, director of this stage, has assembled around him a brilliant circle of artists, and that three times in each week he attracts to his charming entertainments the flower of Parisian fashion. There, by the side of BETTINI, of GASSIER, of GRAZIANI, shines Madame FREZZOLINI—so poetic and so touching when she utters the complaints of Desdemona—Madame GASSIER, who, to Spanish vivacity, adds the musical feeling of an Italian; and, above all, Madame Bosio, whose delicate tones stream out like rockets in the air, and, like them again, descend in golden rain.

Ottello, *Matilde de Shabray*, *Beatrice di Tenda*, *Il Barbier*, *Semiramide*, have thus far sufficed for the representations of Colonel Ragani, and, notwithstanding that the frequenters of the theatre still continue to applaud these charming works, he has had the good sense to add to his *répertoire* Verdi's *Ernani*. Although this opera has been in existence ten years (for it was performed for the first time at Venice in 1844), and although it has been played in Paris seven years, it has, for the most part, for the audience of the *Salle Ventadour*—the attraction of a new production, and one, so to say, eccentric.

By the side of Rossini's music, which is like an eternal dialogue between skylarks and nightingales, the opera of this young maestro seemed to be noisy,—uncouth; and several among the spectators looked at each other with wondering eyes. I heard a remark by my side, to the effect that "the style of Verdi is the very negation of music." One cannot be more grossly deceived, and the end of the third act is alone sufficient to prove, that this clever master, far from being ignorant of the true laws of music, excels in translating through sound, the deepest emotions of the soul.

The performance of *Ernani* was at all events quite brilliant. Bettini, in the part of the outlaw, and Graziani in that of Carlos, were very happy in the rendering of Verdi's production. But to Madame Bosio, especially, the house gave both its flowers and its applause. True, she does not sing with much force, nor does she in her acting, manifest a very great amount of soul, but her voice is so charmingly sweet, and she uses it with so much delicacy and flexibility, that the merits of the singer close the eyes to the short-comings of the actress—the delightful warbling which flows so easily from her mouth, enchanting all who listen to it.

Madame Bosio received no less applause in the *Tre Nozze* of Alary, which was repeated a few days ago, at the *Théâtre Italien*. It is not, it is true, music of a very solid character, but it is lively, graceful, and pleasing, and this opera may well enable us to await patiently the first repre-